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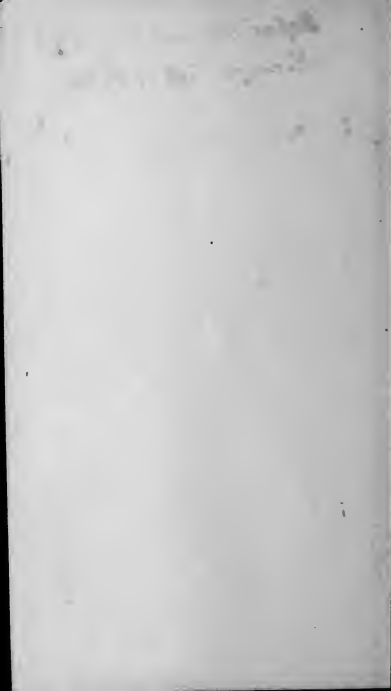
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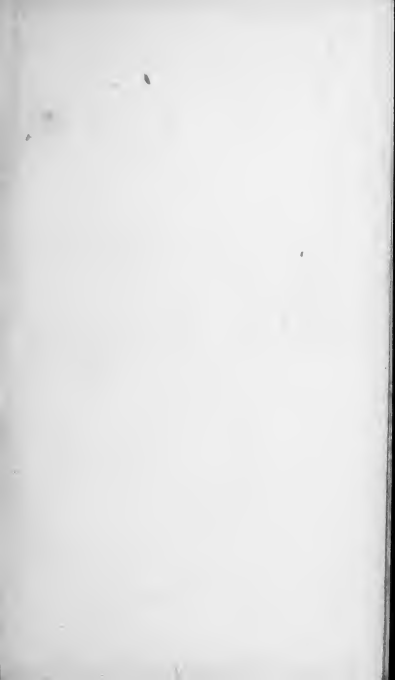
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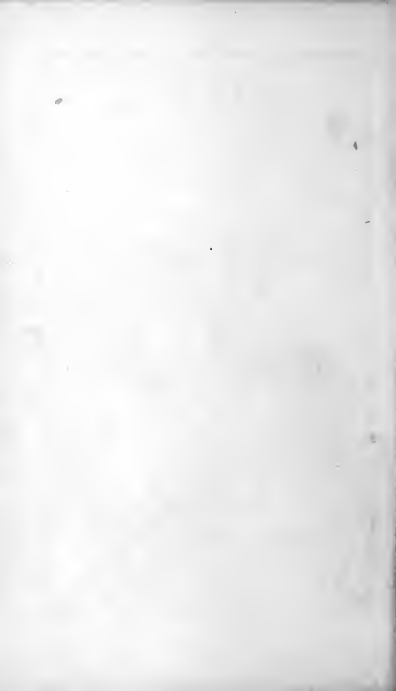
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POETRY OF FEELING,
AND
SPIRITUAL MELODIES.

BY
ISAAC F. SHEPARD.



BOSTON:
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1844.

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P R E F A C E .

THE author of this little volume would be doing injustice to his own feelings, did he not take the present opportunity to express his deep gratitude to the public for the very lenient manner in which they have received his literary efforts, especially in the paths of Poesy.

When, four years since, he freighted a little barque with "Pebbles from Castalia," it was with trembling, lest the ballast should prove so heavy as to sink the vessel, or lest some current should set against it, and bear it into the maelstrom of oblivion, with multitudes who deserve better than himself.

Those who have been similarly situated, will appreciate his anxiety, as he watched for the clouds, and sunshine, and the bow of promise, upon the literary firmament; and they will know too, how pleasant it was to hear the words of encouragement that came up to him from very many quarters. Of more than fifty reviews and notices that came to his knowledge, *one* alone, —

and that in his own city, — spoke in anything like discourteous terms ; while many of them were filled with generous praise.

This was the more gratifying, because he used no efforts to find favor, or to buy applause. He was a stranger to the whole world of writers, and stood without a known friend among the host, to crowd his simple language in, where tones of inspiration were echoing all around, from lips of genius, and from souls of flame.

The brotherhood then so very kindly acknowledged, he has endeavored to honor in his subsequent productions ; and though he is sensible that none of the higher elements of poetry — originality and power, either of thought or expression — can be claimed for him, he hopes that taste, beauty, and the simplicity of chaste adornment may not in vain be looked for among these pages. He has taken the great Prism of Thought as he found it ; content, if he shall have thrown any new radiations from the Sun of Intellect, where they were before unappreciated or unperceived.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1844.

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POETRY OF FEELING,
AND
SPIRITUAL MELODIES.

THE SONGS OF NIGHT.

THE solemn Psalmist, David, slept
On Bethlehem's plain, alone and young,
And dreaming that his flock he kept,
He heard a holy anthem sung:
Jehovah's Spirit o'er him came,
And filling deep his raptured ear,
He heard the sound from harps of flame,
From hymning star and choral sphere.

They rolled along — the Songs of Night —
The glory of the Lord, the theme;
With echoing swell, and cadence light,
O'er mountain wild, and gliding stream —
Till Earth took up the pealing hymn,
Answering back the Sons of God,
Contending for the praise of Him
Whose footsteps o'er creation trod.

"Light is Jehovah's countenance!"

The setting sun all proudly said;
Answered the crimson twilight's glance,
"His garment's fringe my beauty made!"
The clouds above them echoed, loud,
"His evening tent, how vast are we!"
"His voice is heard above the cloud, —
His glory thunders!" said the sea.

"He rides upon my gentle wings!"

The rustling wind cried, murmuring by;
The silent air responsive sings —
"The quickening breath of God am I!"
"What songs are these, — what voices new?"
A cry from fainting earth arose;
"Arouse! I'll bathe thee!" said the dew,
"And make thee blossom like the rose!"

Earth's children, smiling, then began:

"We blossom gladly!" said the field;
And through the full sheaves voices ran —
"We are God's blessing in the yield,
God's host against stern hunger sent!"
"We bless you!" said the modest moon;
"We bless you!" cried the firmament,
And each star claimed to give the boon.

The grasshopper chirped, all sweet and clear,
 " With drops of dew He blesses me ! "
" And slakes my thirst ! " replied the deer ;
 " And mine ! " the leaf sung from the tree.
" He gives us food ! " replied the roe ;
 " And clothes our lambs ! " bleat out the flocks ;
" And though through lonely earth we go,
 He hears us still ! " the raven croaks.

The turtle-dove all gently coo'd,
 To answering birds that after slept, —
" He gave us nests all through the wood,
 He hath our habitations kept ;
Upon God's altar safe we dwell,
 Our plumage by his hand caressed ;
Under his shadow sleep we well,
 We slumber on in silent rest ! "

" In silent rest ! " the Night replied,
 Prolonging deep the lingering tone,
Till from his couch, with purple dyed,
 King Day resumed his glowing throne :
Uprose the sun, and David woke ;
 So rich in Psalms had been his dream,
That ever from his lips it broke
 Harmonious music, — God the theme.

THE ANGEL CHILD OF MOUNT AUBURN.

As you enter the sacredly beautiful Mount Auburn, following the right hand avenue, your steps lead to what is named the "Yarrow Path," where stands the monument owned by C. J. F. Binney, Esq., of Boston. There is, within the enclosure, a full length portrait, in marble, of his own little daughter, as she lay in death's embrace. This statuary was executed by H. Dexter, Esq., a favorite sculptor of Boston. It is justly esteemed the enchantment of the place; and is not less interesting for its own beauty, than from the fact that it is the *first* full-length ever cut from marble in Boston; and, indeed, in New England. The following is but a faint embodiment of the feelings that spring up as you gaze upon it.

SLUMBER on, slumber on, thou beautiful thing !
For thy rest is guarded by many a wing,
As hovering over this love-hallowed place
The cherubim bend to thy innocent face,
Imprinting a kiss, then floating on high,
Commingling with zephyrs their pure lullaby.

Slumber on, slumber on ! Though thy pulses are
still,

Nor beats thy young heart with a life-giving thrill,
Thy lips are yet speaking with eloquent tone,
Whose echoes are waking in soul-depths alone,
Inspiring rich thoughts of the visions that lie
Deep hid in the sight of thine earth-closing eye.

Slumber on, slumber on ! The birds carol near
Their mellowest songs to thy listening ear,
Half-hushed, as if fearing to wake from its rest,
And call thy pure spirit away from the blest,
While sorrow would trouble the regions of love
For a sister won back from the seraphs above.

Slumber on, slumber on ! Thy full-flowing hair
Seems softly to float on the revelling air ;
Thy delicate frame, and thy garments of white,
An angel bespeak from the kingdom of light,
That lures by its presence and rivets us here,
To gaze on thy beauty and give thee a tear.

Slumber on, slumber on ! There is beauty in death,
All life-like and true, save the heave of the breath ;
And here shall men linger, around the green sod,
Communing with heaven—communing with God ;
And feel they are treading life's confines upon ;—
Then sleep thou, oh beautiful, sleep sweetly on !

TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

BEAUTIFUL thing !

There lives with thee a strange mysterious power,
To bring anew young love's long-buried hour,
On viewless wing.

What soul-rapt bliss
Was mine, when, charmed by *her* soft melody,
I gazed as thou didst float on zephyr free,
Wooing its kiss !

Affection spoke
From the mild eyes thy sister-tresses hid,
And many a tear would gem their silk-fringed lid,
When passion woke.

Her heart was free
From base deception then, nor had she known
To cause such woe, as since hath been mine own
Dark misery.

Oh ! would the grave
Had held that form, ere my embittered soul
Were doomed to feel rebuked affection roll
Its icy wave !

To Heaven's decree
Then had I willing bowed ; nor would distrust
Have levelled every friendship in the dust,
As mockery !

But still 't is thine,
Bright ringlet, to give back the holy spell
That bound my first fond love !—What raptures
[dwell
Round its pure shrine !

And thou dost rouse
A voice within, telling that earth's caress
Shall swiftly pass away,—all transientness
Her solemn vows.

Truth's home is heaven ;
And, taught by thee, my spirit thirsts to fly
Above, where the freed soul rests tranquilly,
And bliss is given.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

'T WAS Autumn. Beauty dwelt upon the earth,
In gorgeous robes she loveth well to wear,

When summer days have waned, and the loved
hearth

Lendeth its warmth to fond groups gathered
there

At evening and at morn, and the cold breath

Of the hoar-frost among the forest boughs

Will move, leaving its stealthy kiss of death,

Like time upon an old man's wrinkled brows.

The lofty maple wore a diadem

Of gold ; its foliage seemed a drapery

Of emerald hue, inwrought with many a gem,

As it waved out its giant arms and free,

Against the sapphire sky ; a golden sheen

Upon the tall elms dwelt, and the ripe grain

O'er many a field, and garnered fruits were seen,

And harvest songs were echoing from each plain.

There is a spirit breathing in the gale

That lifts the frost-seared leaf, in unison

With voices of the soul ; and the low wail

Of struggling winds, when Autumn's swift
sands run,

Will wake vibrations there, whose solemn swell

Shall linger on the inward ear for aye,

And bid man note earth's change, and mark it
well ;

For like the leaf, he too shall pass away.

I love these solemn teachings, and I rove
Oft-times alone, in the dark forest wild,
To lay me down beneath some hidden grove,
And list to Nature's language, as her child ;
I love her lessons ! Garnered are they all
In Memory's store, nor can I e'er forget
The spell that bound me with its holy thrall,
Ere youth with manhood's sterner cares had met.

And I do well remember when my way
Was by a babbling brook, whose dashing wave
Drank in the beauties of the dying day :

I sat me down to rest ; a fresh-made grave
Was on the wavelet's bank, and o'er it bowed
Two gentle beings, and sad tears they wept,
But yet their grief was chastened and unloud, —
The only one who loved them, dreamless slept.

The elder was a boy — a noble one —

Whose very form a princely soul revealed,
And well his mother prized her duteous son ;

The younger was a girl — a bud unsealed —
And beauty crowned her as a bride is crowned :

Whene'er they two ranged through the summer
woods,
The half-charmed minstrels ceased their music's
sound,

As they were guardians of the solitudes.

They lingered by till twilight bade them go ;
Then kneeling down, he said a parting prayer,
Nor dropped one word that told repining woe : —
They kissed the grave, and left the slumberer
there :

He with a steady pace and heavenward eye, —
But she bowed down her head upon his breast
O'ercome by grief ; as when the wave beats high,
The folded lily hides beneath its crest.

My heart was moved by this sad, tearful scene,
And when their footsteps died away, I went
And stood beside the grave ; the grass was green
Upon the broken sods ; a monument
Had just been reared, a simple, lettered stone,
But not of eulogy or filial praise ;
Two simple words were chiselled there alone,
Two holy words, — MY MOTHER, — met my
gaze !

I know not why, but I knelt down to weep
Where I had seen these lovely orphans bend ;
I knew my own dear mother did not sleep
In death's drear vault ; her prayer would blend
With morning zephyr and with evening breeze,
For me an absent son ; my father's voice
Would rise, with brothers, sisters, round ; and these
Should banish tears and bid the heart rejoice.

Yet still for them I wept with pitying love,
And prayerful words and strong, high heaven-
ward sent,
That he would lead them to their home above,
And guide and bless where'er the children
went.
And many a time, at midnight, when I lie
Upon my sleepless couch, that grave I see,
And those two lovely orphans lingering by,
Tracing their mother's name all silently.

LAURA BELL.

OH Laura Bell, sweet Laura Bell !
The days have flown too fast,
Since through the woodland and the dell,
Two happy souls, we passed ;
But memory lays her paint so well
The colors long will last.

A million times I 've thought of thee,
Sweet Laura, it is true ;
A million times you 've thought of me,
And twice the number too ;
For loved we young and tenderly,
And drank love's earliest dew.

With you no ill on ill had seemed,
Life could have had no strife,
But, Laura, I have never dreamed
Of making you a wife ;
For heaven so often round you beamed,
I could not, for my life.

Like some bright being flown away
From your own native skies,
You seemed awhile on earth to stay,
Feasting your angel eyes,
Hiding your wings, till some glad day
You 'd float to Paradise.

But, Laura, we were forced to part,
Ere love's young dream was ended,
And all the ties that bound my heart,
Like cords of sand were rended.
Oh Laura ! sad the tears that start
When age and youth are blended.

I 'm old and hoary-headed now,
And thou hast slumbered here,
Where other hands have laid thee low,
Full many a waning year,
And oft thy children come to throw
Their flowers upon thy bier.

Oh Laura Bell ! I loved thee well,
And time has flown too fast,
Since like the brooklet in the dell,
Our loves in silence passed ;
And here I come, sweet Laura Bell,
To find thee dead at last !

LOVE NOT THE WORLD.

Love not the world ! Its smile is vain,
To quell disease and banish woe,
When throbs thy brow with fevered pain,
And life's tide sweeps with lava flow :
It cannot calm grief's troubled wave,—
It cannot heal one wound it gave.

Love not the world ! The garb it wears
Is but a gaudy robe, put on
To hide the tyrant form it bears,
Till its blind victim's heart is won ;
And then, like some mean slave, fast bound,
He hugs the chains that gird him round.

Love not the world ! Though beauty glows
In all its varied forms, 't will pass
Like the swift Autumn wind, that blows

When forests chant their dying mass ;
Like gems of frost in winter's morn,
Its pleasures dazzle, and are gone.

Love not the world ! To earth it binds

The godlike soul that in thee lives,
Till its keen sense all lost, it finds

No pleasure where the Spirit gives
Its holy teachings, and no thrill
Awakes with Truth's small voice and still.

Love not the world ! Oh ! rather turn

From its false charms away, and gaze
Upon celestial beauty ; learn

At Wisdom's shrine, and tread her ways ;
So shall thy path in peace be given, —
Thy soul be nurtured well for heaven.



NOX RUIT.

“ ————— breviterque affata Sibylla est,
Nox ruit, *Æneæ*. ”

TRAVELLER o'er life's dreary waste,
Speed thy footsteps, quickly haste !
Long thy journey, and afar
From thy home thy wanderings are,

Yet upon the verge of heaven,
Lo, a darksome veil is given ;
Up, up, and haste thee, haste away,
Night rushes down, and drives the day.

Hush the voice of wit and mirth,
Stop and listen, child of earth !
Lo, a voice within thee swells,
Endless joy or woe it tells ;
Fast life's flame within thee burns,
Dust to dust in haste returns :
Then heavenward speed, make no delay,
Night rushes down, and drives the day.

Christian ! is it well with thee ! —
Is thy soul from darkness free ?
Labor, then, with manly strength, —
Wreaths await thy brow at length !
Lo, the Saviour's high command, —
“ Scatter truth to every land : ”
O, break your slumber, watch and pray,
Night rushes down, and drives the day.

Watchmen on the churches' tower,
What the signals of the hour ?
Lift your voices loud and high, —
Cry unto the people, cry !

Let the world your watchword hear,
Zion's ransom draweth near !
In triumph shout, night flies away, —
The dawn portends a glorious day !

MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

OH ! home of my boyhood, my own country home,
I love it the better wherever I roam ;
The lure of proud cities, the wealth of the main,
Have never a charm like my own native plain.
There waved the old elms on the cottage-lined
street,
There warbled the birds from their woodland
retreat,
The roar of the river, the forest-crowned hill,
The starlight that glistened, they dwell with me
still.

I've wandered for years through the cold-hearted
world,
And rode every sea where a sail is unfurled ;
I've met with the great and the noble of earth,
But never forgotten the home of my birth.
The laugh of my sister, my brother's high glee,
Are echoing round me wherever I be ;

The thousand bright glances from young maidens' eyes,
Are stars in my heaven, when grief-clouds arise.

The voice of my father, with deep manly tone, —
There 's music about it no other hath known ;
The smile of my mother, that love-lighted brow, —
Oh ! mother — dear mother ! — they dwell with
me now !

I love them, — I love them, — the days of the
past,
And nothing shall bribe me from keeping them
fast ;
Oh ! home of my boyhood ! — My own rural
home ! —
I'll love it the better wherever I roam !

THE DEAD ! I LOVE THEM STILL !

————— And hath the memory
Of other days no power upon thy soul ? — *B. B. Thatcher.*

I LOVE them still — the dead —
Beneath the grave's dark covert sleeping,
Where wild-wood flowers rich sweets are weep-
ing

Above their silent bed, —
So like the influence memory brings
Of friendships, ties unbroken,
When heart gave heart pure token
Of unfeigned happiness,
The love-chained soul indwelling,
While heaven-waked thoughts were swelling,
With holy tenderness.
Then borne, as on celestial wings,
Afar from each dull sense of earth,
Each seemed to know a seraph's birth,
So deep that pleasure's thrill!
What though from men their names have perished?
Through changing days their worth I've cherished : —
The dead ! I love them still !

When sighs the twilight's gale,
In dulcet tones its music waking,
And blends with waves in ripples breaking
Down the wide-spreading dale ;
Or when the thunder's voice is heard
From heaven, in terror speaking,
And storm-winds fierce are shrieking
From mount and forest far,
While temple-spires are crashing,

And ocean's surge is lashing
The tempest's furious car,
And earth around with wo is stirred, —
In varied tones, a voice I hear,
Or soft or loud, or far or near,
By sea, by fount, by rill,
From out the spirit-land declaring
The lost, the lost, my thoughts are sharing! —
The dead! I love them still!

I crave no monument
To tower above where I am resting,
E'en though to noble deeds attesting
The sculptor's art is lent :
No charm where marble columns stand
So pure as that which liveth
Where faithful memory giveth
Sad tears, to friendship paid! —
I would my name might perish
When those whose love I cherish,
Shall pass the realms of shade,
And meet me in the spirit-land!
Save hope of heaven, 't is all I ask,
When finished is life's varied task,
And past each good, each ill,
That those who round my couch are bending
Shall murmur, 'mid their prayers ascending,
'Till death, we 'll love thee still!'

MORNING WORSHIP.

FATHER! when the morn is breaking
From the saffron bed of day,
With the early light awaking,
I would bow, in love, to pray!
Pour my heart in glad thanksgiving,
For protection through the night,
Plead that thou, thy Spirit giving,
Wilt direct my ways aright.

Oft my sinful heart hath taught me
I am weak without thine aid;
Oft my wayward steps have brought me
Where the tempter's snares were laid;
Yet thy mercy, ever living,
Failed not in the hour of need,
Kind reproving, kind forgiving,
When my soul for guilt did bleed.

Lend me, then, thy kind protection,
Sanctify each springing thought,
Let me reach that full perfection,
Christ by pure example taught;
Ever at his footstool learning
How to fight life's battle well,
May my hope, intenser burning,
Progress, heavenward, daily tell!

THE CHILD AND FLOWER.

At evening, once, among the flowers,
A weary man I strayed,
And through the garden groves and bowers
My lingering path I made ;
Sweet, joyous birds were singing
Their twilight songs of prayer,
And summer dewes were springing
Like Hermon's fragrance there.

Upon a lowly mound, there sat
A young and guileless girl,
Whose hair, from underneath her hat,
Flowed down in many a curl ;
Her eyes were dim with weeping, —
Those eyes all liquid bright,
Like stars in water sleeping,
Pure jewels of the night.

I asked her why she wept so loud,
What could her pure heart grieve ?
And down her cheek the tears would crowd, —
Her snowy breast's deep heave
Told of the child's full sorrow,
Coming, like storm's array,
To be dispelled to-morrow,
Bringing a lovelier day.

“Kind sir,” she said, “O look and see
My beautiful, bright flower !
My sister gave the plant to me
At our last parting hour :
I’ve watched, and pruned, and cherished
With all my art and care,
And after all, ’t is perished !
’T is dead and withered there !”

Like that sweet child, through life we go,
Loving earth’s transient things,
That lure with beauty’s radiant glow,
While Hope, the tempter, sings.
For what we most had cherished
Our tears are oftenest shed ;
For after all it perished, —
It withered and was dead !

NATURE’S TEMPLE.

GAZE out upon yon sweeping stream ! We stand
Within earth’s temple walls ; the ground we
tread
Is but its moveless base, by mighty hand
Firm set ; each lofty mountain’s cloud-topped
head

Its architrave ; its dome the firmament,
With fretted gold and gems in splendor blent.

Rocks, woodlands, flowers, are decorations, all,
Of this stupendous fane ; the swelling wind,
The cataract's voice, the thunder's echoing call,
Far heard from mount to mount, each in its
kind

Combines to form one anthem-choir, with chime
To sound the birth, the life, the death of Time.

The sun, the moon, the myriad stars are given
To radiate what else had been but gloom ;
The mist that soars with morning light to heaven,
Is smoke of incense due ; and ocean's womb
Is the baptismal font ; and fields, and brooks,
Are the Eternal One's unwritten books.

Gaze out upon that sweeping tide, and keep
What thou canst learn ! each drop commingled
there,

Hath lost its individual self ; the deep
To deep calls forth, and waveless currents
bear,

With ever-swelling flow, the waters past,
Till ocean's briny depths they find at last.

And this is human life ! a passing stream,
Or tiniest drop of this existence-tide ! —

Men tempt the sea of strife ; like midnight dream
Their barks fly on, far o'er the waters wide ;
The current sweeps ; they struggle, buffet, die,
And o'er them rolls a dark eternity !

IMMORTALITY.

*'Et dixi: quis dabit mihi pennas sicut columbæ, et volabo, et
requiescam? Ecce elongavi fugiens.'*

For wings ! for wings like a dove, to fly
Beyond the arch of the sapphire sky !
To mount unchained through the depths of air,
To bathe in floods of the beauty there,
And, raptured, list to the hymning spheres,
With bliss unstayed by the flight of years.

Earth is no home for the deathless soul !
That yieldeth not to its base control,
For, like a bird on its upward flight,
It yearns for its home of living light ;
It pants to burst from its prison, free —
To blend itself with Eternity.

I 've gazed, O Night ! at thy diadem,
Studded with many a dazzling gem,

Vieing with each in their brilliancy,
Till thy dome seems like a waveless sea ;
And I am borne o'er its sleeping breast,
By unwaked winds, to the spirit's rest.

Then music greets me with such rich tones,
Methinks it comes from celestial zones ;
It swells too soft and too thrillingly,
For mortal minstrel, on land or sea ;
It bursts alone from the tuneful choirs
That charm high heaven with their thrilling lyres.

Yet, tell me, queen of the silent eve !
What gems of truth do my soul enweave,
While fancy soars through the ether blue ?
Do pendant flowers weep Elysian dew,
Or blush with hues of perennial spring,
And breathe too pure for earth's journeying ?

Do crystal streams, in ambrosial lawns,
Drink rays of light from resplendent morns ?
Do founts of life from the green hills burst,
Where heavenly cherubim slake their thirst ?
Do seraphs rove through the solitudes,
Where foliage rare decks the whispering woods ?

O, answer, orb of the silver glow !
My soul is faint, in its thirst to know ;

Answer me, stars of the cloudless sky !
My thought has pierced where your pathways lie,
Till lost and tired of the empty strife,
My spirit burns for its after life !

I've drank full deep of the scholiast's lore,
And fathomed truths that were hid before ;
But Science fails on the boundless sea
That laves the shores of Eternity,
And casts me back on the lap of earth,
And bids me wait for my final birth !

Then welcome, Death ! Let thy summons come,
And bring my pass to my upper home !
Give wings ! give wings, like a dove, to fly
Beyond the arch of the sapphire sky,
To mount unchained through the depths of air,
And quench my thirst for the glories there !

THE DYING OFFERING.

SHE lay upon her dying bed — a mother —
And long upon her infant gazed,
With love so deep, so holy, that no other
Of all earth's friendships longer blazed
Upon the altar of her heart, that now

Was kindling with the fire divine
That burns where seraphs in glad homage bow
Around Jehovah's incense shrine.

Often and earnest had she prayed, and lowly
Her spirit was, that God would give
A few remaining days ; by birth-right holy,
She longed that her young child might live
Allied to heaven, and in baptismal rite
She yearned to seal, with her own hands,
The gift for God ; and then, on wings of light,
Mount upward to the spirit land.

The lamp of life burned low, the truth revealing,
That never more her feet would tread
The courts of God on earth ; and then low kneel-
ing,
Between the living and the dead,
The man of God beside her couch was found,
Pouring to Heaven his fervent prayer,
For aid and blessing 'mid the grief profound,
Till, cried the sufferer, lingering there —

“ Oh ! take my child, and pour
Baptismal water on its brow ;
Come ! witness all ye seraph host ;
Come, wait this last scene o'er,
And witness that I give it now
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

“And now my work is done !

The church shall nurse my orphan child, —
With God’s own love it will be blest,
Till life’s short race is run ;
And then its spirit, undefiled,
Shall meet me where the weary rest.

“I go ! I go ! one kiss —

The last — upon its brow I’ll leave,
And then, my little one, farewell ! —
I feel a holy bliss !
Visions of light my thoughts inweave ;
I mount, I fly ! farewell, farewell !”

Straight gushed the willing tear, and hearts full-
heaving,

Sent up their sorrow-echoing sighs !
And yet they mourned not hopeless, unbelieving,
As when some sinner, godless, dies ;
For she had trod the path of life as one
That watches for the final hour, —
And now lay down, as if her work were done,
And sweetly slumbered, where no tempests
lower.



EMMANUEL—GOD WITH US.

Down the long years of olden time,
A light shone dimly on the soul,
Caught from the gleam of David's rhyme,
Or the keen blaze whose flashes roll
Along Isaiah's thrilling lyre,
That angels wrapped with glowing fire.

Heavenward their kindling influence went,
Heavenward the eyes of nations drew,
Whose visions darkened, or were spent,
On clouds whose sombre pillars threw
Their maze around the guiding light,
And left the mind in shrouded night.

In wondering mazes groped the mind,
Forever prompted to a life
That man by seeking cannot find
Amid the toil, the sin, the strife,
That meet him in each pathway trod,
Without the guidance of a God.

Heaven's council sat upon our need,
And love reigned there, and love prevailed;
"Let there be light!" a God decreed,
And light on Jewry's plain was hailed;

A little star high eastward woke, —
“God with us!” was the name it spoke.

“God with us!” still is burning there,
In light no cloud or night can dim;
“God with us!” listens to each prayer
Up-borne by myriad seraphim;
“God with us!” soothes in every woe,
“God with us!” guides where’er we go.

Oh man, look up! thou hast not seen
What glorious pathway waits for thee;
Shame on thy craven, sordid mien,
That downward looks, earth’s dross to see!
“God with us!” hath a warning given, —
“God with us!” calls thee “come to Heaven!”

THE VOICES OF LIFE.

We spend our years as a tale that is told. — *David.*

LIKE the sunset hue on the drops of dew,
When night-shades chase the day,
Like the rainbow’s gleam on the leaping stream,
Our life flies swift away.

With a stealthy tread, by the bridal bed,
Creeps He of the icy breath ;
A kiss leaveth He, then laugheth in glee ;
'T is the hollow laugh of Death.

He aimeth his dart at a maiden's heart, —
He loves the beautiful best, —
And the brightest gem of his diadem
He tore from a mother's breast !

He is plucking now, from an infant's brow,
The bud that is bursting fair ;
In the dismal tomb will he hide its bloom ;
No flowers can blossom there.

In youth's sunny hour, with a witching power,
Hope leadeth a merry round,
But the hoary sage knoweth life's brief page,
A tale that hath ceased its sound.

O ! nothing hath birth, in the beautiful earth,
But speaks with a tongue of fire —
Beyond the blue dome the True hath its home ;
Then heavenward, my soul, aspire !



A MOTHER'S LOVE.

————— Oh ! there is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart. *Mrs. Hemans.*

At midnight, when the earth was stilled,
Nor mighty winds the forests stirred,
A voice of wo the night-air filled,
And lonely sounds of grief were heard.

In bitter anguish, deep and sad,
A weeping group stood up alone,
And each pale brow with grief was clad,
To each the spirit's wo was known.

Why round that couch had gathered then
A stricken band, with stifled breath ?
Had fate cut down the brave of men ?
Say — grappled there the hand of Death ?

Yes ! Death was there ! — but not the brave
Bowed down beneath his iron sway ;
The young, the good, must meet her grave,
Just when life's morn burst into day !

On the cold couch a mother lies —
A mother ? — ay ! an hour ago ;
Nor had she felt those sacred ties
That once but formed, no end shall know !

The purest thing in all the earth —
An infant's soul — had waked to light ;
But wo for her who gave it birth !
Her sun must set, ere yet 't is night.

E'en now her dark eye flashed with fire,
That burns but when consumes too fast
Life's latent spark ; nor harp, nor lyre
Could calm *that* gaze ! — the one — the last !

The hectic flush upon that cheek,
Like morning star grew pale and dim ;
Her doom she knew ! — but could she speak ?
Oh ! could she say farewell to *him* ?

It must be so : in grief he bowed,
To catch each precious, dying word ;
The last fond kiss was pressed, and loud
He wept, for all love's founts were stirred !

' My husband ! fare thee well ! — my breath
Grows stifled, short and faint ;
Come, dearest, near ! I sleep in death,
To wake in heaven a saint !

'T is not for earth alone we live, —
There is a home above !
To God and heaven each moment give, —
For heaven is perfect love !

‘ Now bring me here my babe,’ she said,
‘ Oh, haste ! — my first-born child !
Quick ! ere its mother meets the dead,
Or pain hath made me wild !

‘ My spirit now is calm and free,
Oh, bring my orphan boy !
If on his soul my blessing be,
I die with peaceful joy ! ’

The babe was brought : once more she grasped
The idol of her love,
And close upon her bosom clasped,
Raising her eyes above :

‘ Thou orphan’s God ! Oh, hear my plea,
With life’s last accents given ! —
Guide thou my boy o’er time’s dark sea,
And let us meet in heaven ! ’

Her pale lips closed : her eyelids fell :
Her hand grew palsied by her side ;
The clammy brow but told too well,
All, save a mother’s love, had died !



"OH! WAKE AGAIN THAT STRAIN!"

Oh! wake again that strain,
And lightly touch the notes !
A rapturous thrill comes through my brain
As that loved music floats :
A dream of other days
Is passing o'er me now,
Where oft we shunned the world's chill gaze,
And pledged our young love's vow.

I see her light form yet,
All beautiful and fair,
As when by billowy waves we met,
And breathed our passions there :
We culled the dew-gemmed flowers,
We climbed the hill's green brow,
We gave no thought to swift-winged hours,
But pledged our young love's vow.

Oh! breathe that harmony,
And let the cadence roll,
For oft she sang that song for me,
When anguish swept my soul !
Her mild eye re-lit mine ;
She soothed my troubled brow ;
It seemed a voice almost divine,
That whispered young love's vow.

Yet hush that thrilling tone,
And wake no more the sound !
The heart that once I thought my own,
Is to another bound !
For me no kind eyes beam ;
No smile she gives me now ;
Yet nightly will each troublous dream,
Repeat her young love's vow.

“WE NEVER MET AGAIN.”

I MET her once again,
When the evening sun was low,
And throbbed each swelling vein,
With a full and fevered flow.

The love of youth upwoke,
And the light of other days
With fitful radiance broke,
Like the moonbeam's darkling rays.

I heard her breathing sighs,
With the voice they had of yore ;
The starlight of her eyes,
O'erplayed my soul once more.

I thought of whispered vows,
And the seal of meeting lips,

Like dew on leafy boughs,
That the bursting rose-bud sips.

She turned with heartless gaze,
And moved with haughty air,
But false in other days,
Not a blush was guiltless there.

She sought the pressing throng,
On her lip curled proud disdain ;
And Time bears each along,
But we never met again.

THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

THE banners of high heaven are out,
They float along the sky,
And angel voices seem to shout
The daylight's lullaby :—
There 's music in the summer air,
There 's beauty on the earth,
Wiling the heart from life and care,
While holy thoughts have birth.

I 'm living o'er in memory now
The moments of the past,

When o'er the hill-top's fading brow
The sunset rays flew fast : —
There sat one with me, by the brook
That gurgled at our feet, —
Oh ! starlike was her saintly look,
Her voice like music sweet !

Her cheek like lilies dipped in wine, —
Her breath of Paradise
Fanned coals within this heart of mine,
To flame that never dies :
Her garments were of purest white,
Her tread like fawns at play ;
She spoke of Heaven with smiles of light,
And heavenward went her way.

Into the spirit-land she went,
Nor brother's voice heard she,
When at her grave I lowly bent,
And wept full bitterly : —
Full bitterly my tears fell down
Her lowly bed beside,
But tears could not the love-flame drown,
That blazed like lava-tide.

Into the spirit-land went she, —
The maiden of the skies, —
But left behind the purity
That in love's lesson lies !

I cherish it within my soul,
And hear her voice divine, —
I see the azure vault unrol, —
The maiden's smiles are mine !

Her footsteps in the west I see,
With purple clouds half-hid,
That roll and float so gorgeously
When the day's farewell is bid !
Her sister seraphs with her come
And beckon to me there,
To meet them in that upper home,
In love's own temple fair.

I am not sorry that she died
And went so young to Heaven, —
Though blessings cluster this beside,
The holiest then was given : —
For when good thoughts by night or day,
Urge me to Paradise,
I meet my sister on the way, —
The maiden of the skies.

A DREAM OF LIFE.

I 've stood beside some river, rolling
Its rapid tide away,

And heard an evening-bell's deep tolling,
As closed expiring day ;
And as the sound soft echoes woke
From off that stream's dark tide, there spoke
Some voice within my soul,
Unfolding Memory's scroll,
And bringing each past scene to light
With pure and perfect tracing,
Till I have felt such strange delight
My heart's dark anguish chasing,
That I have seemed to live again
'Mid joys that erst I cherished,
And in my dream I've laughed, and then —
My phantom bliss hath perished !

Yet when that charm was broken,
Another voice hath spoken
With soft and trancing melody,
As 't were some angel-spirit, sounding
Sweet tones in tune with waters bounding,
In deep and joyous harmony.

That music's captivating swell
Hath chained me in its witching spell,
Till, lost in strange forgetfulness,
I lived in some unreal world,
Where beauty flung her varied dress
O'er mountain, forest, field and sea,
In rich and splendid brilliancy :

And where the eddying waters curled,
The sunbeam gave its golden tinge,
And set with gems the wavelet's fringe,
 Uprising as the breeze swept by ;
While light, with water blended,
 Reflected from the arching sky
The bow of promise bended !
And I would gaze in ecstasies,
 Till sound of swelling thunder
Came rumbling on the fitful breeze, —
While lightnings rent the storm's black shroud,
And hurled their shafts from out the cloud,
 Dividing heaven asunder, —
My Hope-lured fancy calling back
To rest on Reason's changeless track.

Such is a transient dream of life,
When free of earth's tumultuous strife,
We pause beside Time's rushing stream,
 To hear a closing year's sad knell, —
As if from some deep tolling bell, —
 Come, on the sad ear pealing,
 Its tones of death revealing ;
And we have lived, in Memory's dream,
The scenes of other days, and felt
 Our light and joyous spirits bounding
At gladsome tones, once more resounding
From hearts where holy friendship dwelt.

A brother's arm hath clasped us to his breast ;
A sister's lips have kissed our tears away ;
And we have felt anew the blissful day
That made our young hearts truly blest !
Perchance a father's voice hath spoken,
Whose soul was but affection's fountain,
And from whose lips distilled the dew of love ;
Perhaps a mother smiled, — bright token
Of love more firm than towering mountain,
Uprearing high its head the clouds above :
For none may tell how fast a mother's heart
Is bound to those she taught to lisp her name ;
Earth may be rent, high heaven be torn apart,
And yet a mother's love endure the same ; —
Pure as the stream from God's own fountain
welling,
As dread Eternity 't is fathomless ;
Strong as the cataract's power from mountain
swelling,
Whatever else may die, it lives to bless ! —

O what a power hath memory ! Unveiling,
With magic hand, the long-forgotten past,
Repeating each loved word, each sigh, each wail-
ing,
That rose when death its fearful shroud had cast
Upon the idols we had loved so much —
We fondly deemed they might escape his touch !

The dead come up before our vision, living
In all their pristine loveliness ;
Each virtue lives in perfectness,
While thought of vice no slightest taint is giving
To mar that holy happiness.

Sweet Memory ! 'T is thine to give again
The dead we loved in hope's bright hour ;
'T is thine to lead us through thine hallowed glen,
Our thirsting souls to satisfy
With that save which all else may die —
The honey of affection's flower !

But Memory may not always lure
The blissful past returning ;
The flame she lights is all too pure
To be forever burning ; —
The sun goes down at dewy eve ;
The stars light not the morning ;
The widowed plant for flowers may grieve,
Just now its stem adorning :
The rainbow on the smiling heaven
Is in a moment dying ;
The strain from some soft harp-string given,
Æolian music sighing,
Expires when sleeps the zephyr's breath,
And stills that melody in death :
And its own transientness hath filled the soul
With half the rapture thrilling there ;

For could such thoughts of beauty ceaseless roll,
 Unchecked by one dark shade of care,
The beautiful would almost cease to be,
And bliss itself become monotony !

'T is perfect wisdom, then, that earth
 Is subject to the law of change, —
 That objects simple, deep, or strange,
 Do not consume our every thought, —
 Else Memory's voice had never taught
The joy of HOPE's celestial birth.

'T is thine, O Hope, when life's storms lower,
 And lightnings of despair are flashing,
When passion swells with chainless power,
 And waves of woe the soul are lashing,
To point us to the blue above,
And guide us to that world of love !

 To bow thee from thy throne in heaven,
 When strongest ties of earth are riven,
 And with the joy thine accents bear,
 Win back our souls from dark despair.

'T is thine to lead us on our varied way, —
 Guiding us o'er life's eddying stream ;
'T is thine to mind us of the endless day
 That dawns when ends Life's fitful dream !

TO MY MOTHER.

OF I 've thought of thee, my mother !

In the lonely hours of night,
While the winter storms were sighing
And the stars had hid their light ;
Hoarse the sleet came coldly beating
On the window's casement low,
Strong and vivid thought upwaking
Of the homestead by the knowe.

Backward to the Past I wandered, —
To the old white-bearded Past, —
Then he bade me sit beside him,
By the hand he held me fast ;
And though not a word were spoken, —
Not a whisper uttered low, —
Still he told how thou didst love me
In the homestead by the knowe.

Straight he pointed to the bedside,
And I saw one standing there
Deeply listening to my verses,
And my little rhyming prayer.
Heard I then her gentle blessing —
In a voice so soft and low —
That I knew my saint-like mother
In the homestead by the knowe.

Out he led me by the brooklet
And among the garden flowers,
Blessed me with the richest odors
Caught from blossoms after showers ;
Filled my hands with ripened fruitage,
And then bade me homeward go,
Bearing all to my dear mother
In the homestead by the knowe.

Then the good old Past would leave me
With the full tears in my eyes,
That our pathway is no longer
Hand in hand to Paradise ;
Still, like circles o'er the water,
Ever widening as they flow,
Comes thine influence, blessed mother,
From the homestead by the knowe.

But thy step is getting weary,
And thine eye is growing dim,
Time upon thy brow is writing,
Thou hast almost done with him.
Yet, dear mother, when thou diest,
Gentle hands shall lay thee low,
Kneel and bless thee, where thou liest,
In the homestead by the knowe.

MEMORY OF DEVOTION.

IF this wide earth hath ever known one scene
Of bliss, akin to that which seraphs know, —
If one pure hour of perfect joy, — I ween
It must be when a father bowed him low,
With wife and children round, and converse held
With God, while thoughts of holy rapture swelled.

There have been days, when I have longed to break
From the dear throng that knelt before the throne
At daily sacrifice, and so forsake
Each holiest earthly tie, to call mine own
The precious hours that God had kindly given
To nurse the soul, and plume its wings for heaven.

But now, with far intenser wish, I would
That I might mingle heart with them again;
For oft I rove in dreary solitude,
Remote from gazing eyes of worldly men,
And look adown the vista of the past,
And weep that far from home my lot is cast.

I hear my father's manly voice : the smile
That graced my mother's placid lip I see :
My sisters' mirth, my brothers' shouts beguile
My thoughts to haunts of happy infancy !
And forms that long have made the grave their bed,
I know as though they had not met the dead !

Her voice I hear, who in sweet childhood's hour
Oft taught my lips the name of HIM whose praise
Went forth from every grove and shady bower,
Loud echoing round with feathered warblers'
lays :—

On angels' wings she passed to worlds above,
Where burns, like quenchless fire, that sister's love.

And still one other form 'is lingering yet,
As 't were a thing of light ! Some halo dwells
Around her brow ! I see, as when we met,
Amid the gathered crowd, the gaze that tells
The soul within, and once again the bliss
I feel, which thrills with pure affection's kiss.

But hush, my lyre ! I dare not longer sound
Thy notes to memory of departed friends !
The spot whereon I tread is holy ground,
And softly should he walk whose pathway bends
Along the tomb :— I 'll drop one parting tear
O'er those who loved me while they tarried here.

OH ! WHY CAST DOWN, MY SOUL ?

OH ! why cast down, my soul ?
Oh ! why such deep despair ?
Thou canst thy grief control,
And refuge find in prayer.

Thy heavenly Father hears ;
His promise liveth still ;
He loves the contrite tears
Of those who do his will.

Hope thou in God ! for yet
Thy lips shall swell his praise ;
No sun at eve e'er set,
But morn gave back its rays.

I 've heard the strong wind roar
Howling across the deep,
And felt the rock-bound shore
Tremble beneath its sweep !

But dark clouds passed away,
Wild storms were lulled to rest,
And heaven's rich beauty lay
Enshrined in ocean's breast.

• So shall the storms of woe
Be lulled by contrite prayer ;
Who at the cross bend low,
Find heaven reflected there.

Then upward look, my soul,
There gleams a star of love ;
The dark clouds backward roll,
And all is bright above.

HOLY HOURS.

OFt she sat, gazing at the clear blue Heaven,
When twilight set the first young stars on watch,
Sending such holy glances back, it seemed
They met a sister star.

Ellen had given
Her fond heart to the world. She drank each cup
Of proffered joy, sweet to the moment's taste,
Yet turning to very bitterness. Fashion
Had she worshipped, bowing before its shrine
Voluptuous, with devotion full, and mirth
And wit with music joined to pour a sound
Of revelry from morn till eve, from eve
Till noon of night, upon her charm'd ear,
And still her spirit thirsted for a draught
Of Heaven's pure wave, and yet she knew it not.

One eve she left the ball-room's giddy maze,
Heavy and worn and sick at heart. Her soul
By misery's dashing torrent-tide was swept ;
Pleasure with all its dazzling pomp, she spurned ;
Gloom, dark and woful, interwove each thought ;
Hate from the darkness sprung, and scarcely wrong,
She frowned at all, deeming each honeyed word,
Each proffered hand, each smile-wreathed lip, all,
all
But taunting mockery, concealed to serve

Some selfish end ; the end attained, that word
Would turn to gall, that hand be closed, that lip
Be curled with cold contempt and she passed by !

Poor is the giddy worldling's rush for life !
For in the after-thought, Truth takes her throne,
Loud thundering in his ear of worlds to come ;
Stern Reason's finger points to future wo ;
And Conscience blows a flame within the soul,
Whose kindled heat with constant anguish burns ;
As when upon Prometheus' liver fed the bird,
On Caucasus' famed mount, and feeding still
While still it grew, was never satisfied !

Dimly the flickering lamp shone where it hung,
And her frail limbs all wearily were thrown
Upon the waiting couch, but slumber soared
On dun-hued pinion far away ! She tossed
From side to side ; Thought, in her chaos-home,
All hues assumed, and peopled every nook
With shapes unearthly, hideous and deformed,
And grim King Death with solemn tread came nigh ;
Seemed with the past inlinked all future time,
And Judgment and Eternity assumed
Their claims, while from the murky cloud of night,
A sainted mother came from Heaven, on wing
Angelic, and with tearful eye she looked
Upon her only child, that heart-sick girl,

And then upon the Bible — gift of love,
Her dying gift — and heavenward took her way.

O ! what an hour was that ! She took the book,
With dusty leaves unturned, unlocked its clasps,
And read, — as if the Holy Ghost did guide, —
Upon its page, “ Prepare to meet thy God ! ”
The words rang changes through her brain, and
still

The faltering lips pronounced their high import :
The sighing wind seemed with repeating voice
To give them back, deep spirit-tongues conjoined
To echo them to Heaven, and Heaven the sound
Sent down to earth again ! Her dark eye flashed
With such a blaze as mental agony
Oft-times enkindleth, burning up of wo
The magazine within, and then grows calm.
Like womb of earth, boiling with latent fires,
Transmuting solid rocks, with burning feuds,
When warring gases join in combat dire,
While giant forests bow, and mountains reel,
As from some *Ætna's* height, with hellish hiss,
The fiery elements find vent, and scale
High Heaven ; or tumbling burning waves
Of liquid fire far down the mountain side,
Sweeping the plain with devastation dread,
Proud cities' towers submerging in the flood,
Inhuming millions 'neath the smouldering walls,

Till, all its fury spent, the tide is stayed,
Its deadly work is done, and peace again
Upon that yawning crater's jaws sits down !

So raged the mental fire, till past its force,
And then a change. Sweet spirit-tones she heard
Inviting call, "Come to the waters ! Come !
Weary and heavy-laden, now repent !
'T was finished — gift of love ! — high scheme
Of life ! — when He, the Glorified of God,
Poured out, on Calvary, His blood for thee !
He lives and intercedes in Heaven ! Believe —
repent !

So shalt thou be forgiven, and live for God,
With cherubim and seraphim, who cry,
Holy ! Holy ! Holy Lord God of Hosts,
Who art, and wast, and art to come ! — Amen !"

Flooded her eyes with tears : her heart was
bowed,
And kneeling there she kissed the Holy Book,
Poured her full soul in prayer, and in that hour,
Was born of God ; nor till the morning dawned,
Ceased praising Christ the Crucified, pleading
With earnest, humble heart, for His blessed aid,
The Comforter's, to shield from sin, and lead
In holy paths to Heaven ; and now, with dawn
Of earliest day, and at the dusky eve,

She sits beside that sacred spot, to live
A while in Heaven, communing with her God ;
And deems it all too much of good, that she
Is privileged to spend such holy hours.

ALLETTA.

TO MR. AND MRS. ASA LEWIS.

LOVED Alletta ! Sweet Alletta,
Child of hope and heaven was she,
You 'd have said if you had met her
In her path of purity,
Ere her heavenly Father set her
In his diadem to be.

Like a star she ever seemed,
On the brow of summer's even,
Twinkling where still waters gleamed,
In the light all gently given ;
Star-like, too, her radiance beamed
Just to melt away in heaven.

Like a zephyr's music sighing
Were her simple words below, —
Like a gushing fount upflying
Was her love's continual flow, —
Like a fragrant blossom dying
Did her spirit upward go.

In the church-yard now she lies,
Underneath a simple sod,
Humble gate to Paradise,
Whose low portal must be trod
Ere the new born spirit flies
To the bosom of its God.

Sad it was to leave her sleeping
In her narrow house alone ;
Sad it was to see the weeping
That each gazer made his own ;
Sad for parents ever keeping,
Grief too bitter for a moan.

Still the infant lies not waiting
Where they left her, in the grave :—
Angel child, she comes creating
Thoughts, that make the poor heart crave
Draughts from waters ever beating
Up from Life's eternal wave.

For Alletta, — sweet Alletta !
Was a child of holy love,
You 'd have said if you had met her
Hovering round you like a dove,
Ere her Father kindly set her
On a seraph's throne above.

SABBATH MORNING.

HAIL, holy day! The opening light of morn
Streams up the azure sky, and clothes the east
In hues like blush of bursting rose: the lawn
Lies stretched in quiet rest, — the sea hath ceased
Its troubled roar, and tumult's voice is still.

Wide forests lift their heads in upright pride,
High mountains rear their lofty peaks, that fill
The void of heaven, and mighty rivers glide
Along their winding course with noiseless flow;
A spirit moves o'er earth; the deep blue sea
Gives forth its voice; the green-clad valleys know
The soft response; the mounts, cloud-topped and
free,

All join; and man, — God's latest work and best, —
With reverent awe replies, 'Let all things rest!'

SABBATH NOON.

THE deep-toned organ's peals are echoing loud
With rapturous swell, and solemn anthems rise,
In cadence rich, far sounding up the skies,
Sweet and more sweet as 't sinks away! The crowd
Of humble worshippers are lowly bowed,
And holy prayer and praise mount up to heaven
As they were flames of purest incense given

From out some angel's censer ; no dark cloud
Of worldly passion frowneth there, no storm
Of angry strife ; each contrite soul is warm
With Jesus' love ! The Holy Ghost hath passed
Within those sacred walls, the cup and bread
Are there, and perfect peace on all is shed —
Fit type of Sabbath rest in heaven at last !

SABBATH EVENING.

How beautiful ! The fading light of day
Is lingering yet on forest, field and sea ;
And now the temple's spire shines dazzlingly,
While parting sunbeams round its summit play,
As 't were a shaft of burnished gold ! The lay
Of evening zephyrs comes upon the ear
So delicately soft, I think I hear
Some seraph-tones symphonious die away,
While nature chants her Sabbath vesper-hymn !
And now the red light fades ; the skies are dim
Above the west ; night's sable veils unrol,
And new-born stars the sleeping waters kiss !
Oh, be like this my closing day ! like this
My final rest — the Sabbath of the soul !

LIBERTY CHANT.

IN May, 1842, I saw a woman torn away from her husband at the U. S. Hotel, Philadelphia, at a late hour at night, and borne away to slavery, while her husband ran frantic through the streets shouting "Murder! murder!" at the top of his voice.

I stood upon thy verdant shore,
O! rolling Delaware ;
I heard the waves, in muffled roar,
Come surging by me there,
And saw Earth's pulses slowly beat,
As swelled thy billows, sheet by sheet.

I knelt upon thy top, Fairmount !
When came the infant day,
And listened to thy babbling fount,
Loving its chrystal play ;
And chimed my prayer in tune with thee,
Thou silver tongue of Liberty !

I sat beside *their* seats, who heard
Our "DECLARATION" read,
And felt my patriot spirit stirred,—
The living by the dead,—
And heard that echoing bell again,
That erst had waked the sons of Penn.

And yet almost beneath its dome, —
My heart's-blood boils to tell, —
I saw one wrested from her home,
I heard the maddened yell,
As they, the heartless "*owners*," tore
From their own souls the masks they wore.

Aye, chose they well the midnight time,
Fit time for such a deed ;
And fit, I ween the fearful chime,
Where 'er crushed spirits bleed,
Of "murder ! murder !" — direful sound,
That rose upon the night-wind round.

Strange sights ! Strange sounds ! Yet *just* the
cry, —

For deadlier is their guilt
Who bind the soul in chains to die,
Than if warm blood were spilt
By some assassin, with an arm,
That only deals the body harm.

These are thy laws, oh Freedom ! — these
The rights for which each vale
Ran gory streams, when rocks and trees
Gave back oppression's wail ! —
Yet Muse, forbear ! — Great God, forgive !
These are the homes where *freemen* live !

THE DEATH OF STEPHEN.

FIRMLY the martyr stood, and calm,
His countenance with glory lighted,
When the mad tumult spread alarm,
And guilty ones looked on affrighted ;
He seemed an angel standing there,
Such burning thoughts his words impelled,
And the false-swearer's shouts were quelled,
That from a thousand lips had swelled,
Rending the silent air.

Boldly the good man charged with guilt
The race that Sinai's law had broken ;
He told of seers whose blood was spilt
To seal the truth their lips had spoken, —
Of Moses, and the galling chain,
In Egypt, through long ages worn, —
The tabernacle thence upborne,
By which Jehovah erst had sworn
To bless their seed again.

But when of Solomon he spoke,
Who reared a house for God's own dwelling,
His spirit like a seraph's woke,
With high prophetic rapture swelling : —
“ In temples made with hands, dwells not

The Most High God. Heaven is my throne,
And Earth my footstool ; will I own
The house ye build me ? Who hath known
Of my fixed rest, the spot ?

“ My hand made all things, saith the Lord ;
And ye, the Holy Ghost resisting,
Uncircumcised in heart and word,
Are e’er your father’s deeds assisting ;
What prophet old, did they not stone ?
They have slain those that prophecied,
The birth of Him ye crucified,
And in whose blood your hands are dyed, —
The Just and Holy One.

“ Him ye betrayed, God’s Only Son,
When from his brow blood-drops were gush-
ing :
Ye heard him say, ‘ Thy will be done !’
And like wild beasts your hand was rushing
With murderous hate upon your brows !
And ye, who erst the law received,
The angel messengers have grieved,
Nor their high teachings have believed,
Or kept your sacred vows ! ”

Then did their rage break forth, like flame
From some volcano’s crater bursting ;
And loud they shouted Stephen’s name —

Like tigers for his life-blood thirsting, —
Gnashing their teeth with deadly hate :
Filled with the Holy Ghost, he gazed
With steadfast upward look, amazed !
Heaven's glory on his vision blazed
With beauty increate.

“ Behold the courts of Heaven I see !”

He cried, “ and Christ the Loved One, stand-
ing
On God's right hand in majesty !”

Then burst a thousand voices, rending
The heavens with one united shout ;
And with stopped ears they seized their prey,
Crying with one accord, “ Away !
The impious blasphemer slay
The city walls without !”

And when the crowded gates were passed,
They stoned him there, on God's name call-
ing, —

“ Jesus, on thee my soul I cast, —

Receive my spirit, Lord !” Then falling
He kneeled, and with loud voice he cried,
“ Lord, to their charge lay not this sin !” —
Hushed was the tumult's noisy din ;
As infant's sleep when night sets in,
So, calmly, Stephen died !

Glorious martyr ! Before the throne
Of the Eternal One, with myriads bending ;
The triumph of thy faith is known,
And thou art crowned with joy unending !
The truth that thou didst witness, pure
As light shall through all ages stand ;
And Christ's own church, though small the
band,
Shall herald it in every land !
Like thine, their trust is sure.

ONCE, UPON THE TROUBLED OCEAN.

"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

ONCE, upon the troubled ocean,
He, the Saviour, god-like trode,
Stilled the tempest's fierce commotion,
Spake, and back each strong wave flowed :
'Mid the billows wildly beating,
He commanded, "Peace ! Be still !"
Angry surges, swift retreating,
Hushed their tumult at His will.

So when sorrow's storm is sweeping,
O'er some stricken, anguished breast,
He can stay the orphan's weeping,
Lull the widow's grief to rest :

Peace o'er life's dark sea is swelling ;
Joy to all the comfortless ;
Love's full tide forever welling,
Pours its flood to soothe and bless.

Ye who Christ's pure teachings cherish,
Go, like Him, with zeal do good ;
Leave your gift for those who perish
In misfortune's solitude :
Fathers, give with noble feeling !
Brothers, give with brothers' love !
So from earth your treasure stealing,
Ye shall find your loan above.

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

I DID not weep that life was lone,
And had no joyous ray ;
Nor yet because no flowers were strewn
Along my thorny way.

For the young morn with me was bright ;
My boyhood scarce had passed ;
No blasted hopes, from age's night,
Their shadows round me cast.

It was not that oppression's hand
Had seized me in its power ;
I breathed the air of freedom's land,
From early childhood's hour.

I trod the soil where patriots bled,
And pilgrims' graves were made ;
Where holy peace her influence shed
O'er vale and mountain-glade.

It was not that my long-loved home
Was changed, and knew me not ;
Nor yet that I should friendless roam,
By dear ones all forgot.

For well I knew that, far away,
When daily toils were done,
Did parents kind, and sister, pray
For brother, friend, and son.

I did not fear that *she* would change,
Whose pledge was made in truth ;
For time and place cannot estrange
The love of maiden's youth.

I did not doubt the parting prayer
That each for each had given ;
For, while we knelt together there,
Our vows were sealed in heaven !

I saw a mother by a mound,
In garb of widowhood ;
I heard the lamentable sound
Of grief in solitude.

An infant boy unconscious lay
Upon her aching breast,
And, thoughtless of its simple play,
She close the cherub pressed.

The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled,
As if to calm her fears ;
The mother kissed her only child,
And bathed its face with tears.

‘Thou hast not known thy sire,’ she said,
‘Nor canst thou ever know ;
Thy father, boy, is with the dead,
And thou art born for wo !’

Again her voice with grief was hushed,
And moans came forth anew ;
Her fondest hopes in life were crushed,—
Its joys for her were few.

I looked upon her lovely face,
All pale and marked with care,
Nor wished to leave the sacred place,
Or break the silence there.

My soul with holy fire was warm,
And nature's founts were free ;
For, while I gazed upon that form,
I wept, in sympathy !

I had not seen that face before,
I may not see, again ;
Yet all the wo that visage bore,
I strive to hide in vain !

It comes across my midnight dream,
As waves come o'er the sea,
And while bright stars o'er millions gleam,
I weep, in sympathy.

THE GOOD PART.

" Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

CHOSE she well, that gentle maiden,
Lowly at His feet to kneel,
Who though weary, heavy-laden,
Could her every sorrow feel.

Pure the words and god-like spoken,
Glad she heard the Saviour say, —
" The better part thy tears betoken,
Never shall be ta'en away !"

High above all princely treasure,
Riches, honor, fame, above,
Is the gift that knows no measure,
Pledge of God's eternal love.

And to earth's remotest nation
Heralds shall the words proclaim,
Offering freely full salvation,
In Messiah's holy name.

Speed it, Father! Like a river
Roll thy rapid chariot on ;
Pour Truth's arrows from thy quiver
Till Life's battle shall be won !

SONS OF FREEDOM.

Up to the rescue ! Freeman, up !
A foe around your fireside creeps,
Wreathing its folds about the cup
Where waiting ruin lurks and sleeps.

Its poisoned breath all deadly comes,
And with its touch it blights and kills,
Waking a wail from out your homes,
That earth's wide bounds with anguish fills.

Ho ! Sons of Freedom ! will ye sit
Unmoved, while yet the work of death
Hurls, headlong, to the darksome pit
The manliest throng that e'er drew breath ?

Intemperance lifts its bloody hand,
And binds its burning chains around
The noblest of our holy land,
And leaves them mangled on the ground.

Your daughters pour their own hearts' blood,
Oozing at every wounded pore,
While victims die beneath the flood,
And Death sits shouting, ' Give me more ! '

Ho ! in your strength rise up, and strike
The cruel monster to the ground !
To freemen ye are all unlike,
While slumber chains your hosts around,

Drive back the tide of agony,
And bid its fiery waves be stayed !
Ye have the might ! Arise, and see
The wilderness a garden made.

Pledge ye for life ! Stand firm, and let
Your holy watchword sound aloud,
Till every soul, for freedom met,
Shall bind the tyrant in his shroud.

"WE MET WITHIN A CROWDED ROOM."

WE met within a crowded room,
When flying years had passed away,
And all unknown to each the gloom,
That yielded not to pleasure's sway :
I coldly spake of mountains, lakes,
And battlements, and gray old towers ;
But, as a dream when one awakes,
I straight forgot Italian bowers,
And minding me of early hours,
I named the friends to memory dear,
And when I told of hearts estranged,
While I through foreign lands had ranged,
Her blue eye showed a tell-tale tear,
That said, ' My love has never changed ! '

I knew the chord my voice had woke
Within that angel's faithful heart,
And heeding not the words I spoke,
I led her from the throng apart,
And sitting by my loved one's side,
I felt me blest in being there !
I could not then my passion hide,
Or cold indifference longer wear ;
But, pouring forth a lover's prayer,
I pledged my faith at beauty's shrine ;

And yielding to my glad embrace,
While heavenly smiles played o'er her face,
She whispered, 'Dearest ! I am thine,
And nought can e'er my love efface !'

She spoke of those whose cruelty
Had forced her erst to shun my way,
And bid her think no more of me
Whose love would change ere manhood's
day :—

Of rank and fashion there were found,
Who bowed and sued her youthful hand,
But moved her not ; her love was bound
By ties that could all else withstand ;
And sighs, by passion's firm command,
Betrayed, unasked, affection's tale ;
And when the throng would idly gaze,
She stole away to some sweet vale,
To chime her prayer, with twilight's gale,
For the dear friend of happier days.

Anew we pledged our young love's vow,
And sealed it with a holy kiss,
Whose rapture thrills me even now,
So pure and deep that moment's bliss !
The cold world sneer and gibe in vain
At those who know affection's joy ;
I 'd gladly pass such years of pain,

To taste that draught of heaven again,
So free of earth's least base alloy ; —
And need I not : from that loved hour, —
As vines about the elm trees twine,
Within some nature's shaded bower, —
We yielded each to love's soft power,
And now forever is she mine !

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

FAINTLY the Sabbath sunlight fell, and gave
A matchless splendor to the spreading vale,
All rich with Autumn's fruitage ; calm the wave
Laugh'd in its beauty, as the solemn wail
Of the soft evening wind, with dulcet swell,
Spoke from the willow-boughs its brink along ;
And a deep sound woke from the village bell,
Calling to sacrifice the evening throng.

Afar the echoing peal was heard, o'er hill
And spreading dale ; and the good yeomen came,
A silent host, Jehovah's courts to fill,
With decent reverence for His holy name.
All solemnly they trode ; for grief awoke
Within each heart, and sad the troublous breath,
And deep-drawn sigh, the silence often broke : —
The shepherd of the flock was sick to death.

Yet not untimely : he, a hoary man,
Like some old patriarch, his people led
The fount of God beside ; his cup o'erran
With blessings rich ; and happiness was wed
To virtue in his life. Simple and true,
Whate'er his heart devised his hand perform'd, —
Frequenting most where vice its fetters threw,
So he might show the love his bosom warm'd.

And when within the pulpit's pale he stood,
His words bespoke the eloquence of love ;
And with resistless power confirm'd the good,
And won the bad to seek their home above
But now an angel came, his soul to bear
Up to the throne of God ; and while around
The weepers bow'd, to pour their tearful prayer,
He cried, as earth her failing cords unbound : —

‘ Oh ! let me breathe
Once, once again, the breath of Heaven, and hear
Sweet Nature's music, swelling full and clear !
Oh ! let me gaze
Where light clouds wreath
The distant West ! Celestial harpers dwell
Beyond ; and their eternal anthems swell
Jehovah's praise !

•

‘Wake! evening wind,
And bathe my temples with thy fragrant breath!
Yet stay thou not the hasting tread of Death,
For I have done
With earth, and kind
This coming messenger of God I deem,
For he shall wake me from life’s fitful dream!
My race is run.

‘I hear the peal
Swell out from yonder temple’s dome, the last
On earth! I see the river sweeping past,
With hurried flow:
And now I feel
The last wild pulse’s throb. Soon shall I stand
Beside the stream of Life, at God’s right hand,
Heaven’s bliss to know.

‘For wings! for wings!
I know that my Redeemer lives! I long
To join the myriads that before him throng.
Oh! for my home
Where Gabriel sings
Seraphic pæans to the Lamb of God!
Oh! guide me, Saviour, where thy steps have trod,
Come, quickly come!’

•

The mild breeze stole the open window through,
And moved the silver locks upon his brow,
And his low voice was hush'd ; Death's chilly dew
Upon his forehead came ; and sobs of wo
Burst forth, — yet not for him they wept, as those
Who weep for budding youth cut down unblest ;
As died the sunlight at that Sabbath's close,
So calmly sunk the holy man to rest.

“AH ! DINNA YE AFT MIND YE, MARIE.”

Ah ! dinna ye aft mind ye, Marie,
O' happie days lang syne,
When, blithe and joyfu' as a farie,
The simmer wreath ye 'd twine ?

My heart would aft loup blithe and light,
And joy blink in mine ee,
When hameward at the dewy night,
We trode the tearfu' lea.

Ye coud na ken the luvè wad wake
Wi' thy sweet e'ening sang,
When we thegither aft wad make
Ane path the braes amang.

Nae simmer rose was half sae sweet,
Nane half sae lo'ed by me,
As when we wad ilkither meet,—
We twa, alane an' free.

I feared nae bogle 'neath the flowers,
Nae ghaist the woods amang ;
Sae joyfu' gaed the merry hours,
I kenned nae day too lang.

Sweet, happie hours ! — lang, lang bye-gane,
I luvè them mair and mair ;
The banks, the braes, the auld grey stane, —
Is thy heart never there ?

I ken ye maun aft mind ye Marie,
O' simmer days lang syne ;
They dwell about thee like a farie,
Thy happiest days and mine !

HYMN OF THE REFORMED.

OFt our steps have been astray,
Reeling on the drunkard's way,
Spreading round us woe and death,
Muttering curses with each breath,
Robbing wives of daily bread,
Making children hate and dread.

Wives no more shall spend the night
Weeping, trembling till the light,
Starving children vainly plead
Nevermore for bread they need,
Nor again shall tempting wine
Rob of Reason's light divine.

By the truth that shines around,
By the chains that each have bound,
By the wine-cup's maddening flow,
By the wails of heart-wrung woe,
Pledge we here, as sober men,
Never will we drink again !

God of mercy ! Be thou near,
While these vows are spoken here ;
Shield the victor ! guard and guide,
Where the lurking tempters hide :
Man can strive, but Thou alone,
Must the final conquest own.

JOHN CARY AND HIS GALLON KEG.

JOHN CARY was a merry lad,
A dashing, headstrong fellow,
Whose heart was not so very bad,
But that sometimes 't was mellow ;

He learned to kiss the goblet's brim
When he was yet a stripling,
And loved good wine—the worse for him—
But never dreamed of tippling.
It happened though that John, with others,
Kept up the vice of drinking,—
A vice that all good feeling smothers,—
Till he would sit with any body,
And pour down punch and brandy toddy,
And raw rum even, without winking.

John wooed the prettiest girl in all the town,
And, strange as it may read, he won her;
I saw her when, beside him kneeling down,
She took chaste wedlock's vows upon her,
And thought that such a vision of angelic
beauty
Would surely win him to the path of duty.
But John was headstrong, as I said before,
And when the honey-moon was over,
He turned him to his cups again,
And for his respite drank the more,
And soaked up liquor, like the sand-pits, when
The rain comes pouring, after Sol's bright rays
Have burned and scorched them in the summer
days.

He loved his wife, but loved his liquor better,
And lingered by the bar-room fire,

Forsaking home and love, leaving them both a debtor,

Preferring drunken sots and drunken rows
To being happy with his lovely spouse ;
As pigs sometimes will leave the fragrant clover
To wallow in the mire.

From genteel guzzling, John descended —

As moderate drinkers in the mass

Quite often do — till not a glass

Could he get trusted for, at any hole

Of hell, where Satan kept his rendezvous

With agents hired to catch the soul,

And fit it for the lake that burneth blue.

He lost his money and his credit too,

And then his sinuous way he wended,

With every ninepence he could glean,

To where behind a bright red screen,

The devil's puppet poured out gin

Enough to fill his gallon keg,

While old Nick turned with ghostly grin,

And let him down another peg.

On his way home one night, he staggered

Into a chapel, where a crowd had met

To hear a man preach total abstinence : —

A funny plight for one like him ; and yet

He did not try to make departure thence,

But sat and gazed with features pale and haggard,

In rags and filth, and bottle by his side,
While all were giggling as they would have
died :

“ My *subject* now is fairly placed before ye,”
Said the speaker ; “ read this epistle, I implore
ye ! ”

The crowd looked on, and John gazed back
As though his senses were returning ;
And when the speaker traced the drunkard's track,
He listened till his soul seemed burning
To know how he might break the galling chain,
And stand erect and be a man again.

“ A pledge from all that can intoxicate —
This will the dying drunkard save ! ”
The speaker cried ; and John with hope elate,
Shouted, “ I am no more a slave !
The pledge ! the pledge ! oh, let me sign it now !
Bear witness all, I make a solemn vow —
John Cary is a man once more ! ”
No sooner said than it was done,
He pulled the cork and let it run,
The liquor, on the chapel floor !

John signed the pledge ; the keg he put it by,
And kept it on a cupboard shelf,
And no one dreamed but it would stay and dry,
And fall to pieces of itself.

But one day, as he erst had done,
He took it from its place,
And started in the blazing sun,
And moved with rapid pace,
Adown the street, to find a grocer's store,
And have it filled as he was wont before.
This done, he turned his steps for home ; he met,
It so turned out, a drunkard maker, one —
For so the people often said — who run
An omnibus from earth to hell, to get
A passage for himself ; he filled the cup
For other men, and drank the heel-taps up ;
And so became a drunkard without pay —
A trick o' the trade, as those who know it say.

This man was very rabid when he learned
That John had signed the pléde, and bet a sum
He might have kept, that John had only turned
A temperance man to play a trick ; with rum
He 'd fill his gallon keg, and take his pay,
Within a month of that same hour and day,
When John had pledged him, soul and body,
To drink no cider, wine ; or beer, or toddy.

John knew his boasting, and resolved he 'd meet
A Tartar if he tackled him ;
When in the distance far he saw the man,
He moved with tottering step and wavering feet,
As if intoxication shackled him ;

The fellow saw him, and he ran
Till they two met ; John aped the drunkard well ;
The other chuckled in his teeth, and thought,
“ Now I have caught him ! this is rich to tell ! ”

And in his glee he cried, “ I ’m glad, my boy,
you ’ve brought

That old keg out again ! Why, John, we ’ve had
No sort of fun since you forsook us ! Zounds !
These temperance knaves are quite too bad

To fool a chap like you ! they know no bounds
In their hot-headed zeal ! I ’m glad for once
They did not lead their convert like a dunce ;
I ’m thinking, when they tackled you, friend John,
They did not know what game they lit upon.
I told the chaps they made too much ado about
it —

As for the gallon keg, you could not do without it ! ”

“ No ! no ! ” said John, “ the k-ke-keg and I are
good friends still ! ”

And shook his head and stammered, as a drunkard
will.

“ Well, well, friend John, do n’t be too stingy then,
But let us drink together ;

We ’ve been on many a spree like honest men,
Let ’s drink to better weather.

The temperance men you ’ve had enough of —
We ’re not the fools that they make stuff of.”

“ Yes, drink, man, drink with right good will,
There ’s *light* and comfort in it still ! ”

And John could scarce restrain from laughing,
As guzzle-function rashly seized
The gallon keg, big swallows quaffing,
As if he could not catch his breath,
Or drank in case of life and death !
But quick he dropped it, retched and sneezed,
Emptied his stomach on the soil,
Then retched again, raved, tore his hair,
Cursed, jumped about, yelled, tried to swear ;
While John stood laughing at his pain,
And bade him, when he drank again,
Be careful lest he drank LAMP OIL !

“ LOVER AND FRIEND ARE GONE.”

LOVER and friend are gone,
Sad be the token ;
Cold be the hearth forlorn,
Home ties are broken !
She of the happy heart
Cold lies and lowly ;
Tears from each eyelid start,
Woe-waked and holy.

Breathe ye but lightly now,
Where she is sleeping ;
Breathe but a whispered vow,
'Mid thy full weeping ;
Silence becometh well
Sorrow's full gushing,
Nor should a moaning tell
How grief is rushing.

Yea, let the heart rejoice,
When goodness sleepeth !
Ever a spirit's voice
Cheers him that weepeth ;
Dust unto dust returns,
Soul dieth never ;
Pure and still pure it burns,
Heaven guards it ever.

“HEAR THAT SOUND!”

HEAR that sound, like waters breaking
From the East to farthest West ;
Earth from her long sleep is waking,
Ended now her death-like rest :
Hosts, with troublous thoughts, are pleading,
“Give us heralds of the truth !”
Souls in error's chains are bleeding, —
Hasten aged ! hasten youth !

Lo ! the fields are white for reaping,
But the reapers, where are *they* ?
Watchmen on their towers are sleeping,
Noting not the breaking day ;
Yet the Spirit long hath spoken
Zion's ransom near at hand ;
Satan's ranks are checked and broken, —
Where, oh ! where Truth's valiant band ?

Church of God ! all lowly bending,
Gladly hear the holy call ;
Heaven's bright smile the act attending,
Consecrate to Christ your all :
Merchants, pledge your garnered treasure ;
Parents, bring each noblest son ;
Pour your prayers with flowing measure,
Till earth's host to Heaven be won.

AN EARLY GRAVE.

Oh ! for an early grave !
That I might slumber in my being's morn,
The last long sleep of death, ere sin shall bind
Its fetters round my soul, immortal born,
And send me through the world, in vain, to find
One draught of life's pure wave.

I would that I might die,
Before Ambition tempted to forget
That earth's high titles are but empty sound ;
And the bright gems in kingly coronet,
More worthless far, than tears that wet the
ground,
Where friends weep silently.

I would not live till age
Has ploughed my forehead, and my sinewy arm
Is palsied, and mine eye is dim and blear ;
I would not tarry here till youth's high charm
Is broken, and my scattered locks are sere ;
I would not die a sage.

For me no charm is lent
By the rude clamor of the trump of fame,
Or the smooth tongue of hollow flattery ;
I would not plunge life's stream to leave a name,
For ages traced, with titles vain and high,
On towering monument !

Oh ! rather, by some wave,
In the calm silence of the woodland shade,
Where wild flowers spring, and the gay song-
sters sound
Their happy notes, be my last mansion made !
Oh ! there, before I drink Earth's gall, be found
For me an early grave !

THE VOICE OF DEATH.

AT A GRAVE.

Long fleeting years old Time hath numbered
Of summers bright and winters drear,
Since here, oh grave, the loved one slumbered,
And made her bed upon thy bier.

When Sabbath light was calmly waning,
With tread of sadness hushed and slow,
No heart from sympathy refraining,
We brought thy trust, the dead below.

A dismal sound came, dread and hollow,
When earth upon her coffin fell,
That told the listener he must follow
Death's sable flag, his ranks to swell.

That voice hath oft times been repeated,
As 't were life's watchword in my ear,
When night in dusky garb was sheeted,
Or pleasure died, or waned the year.

It comes, as waves come, hoarsely beating
The rapid march of time's swift feet ;
It tells, as they tell, life is fleeting
As winds that wail when tempests meet.

It bids me wait not till to-morrow,
To nerve my heart for solemn strife;
Each younger day should wisdom borrow
From brothers in the race of life.

It lures my footsteps, kind and slowly,
Beyond death's dismal vaults and cold,
Till, rapt in visions loved and holy,
The lost one found, mine arms enfold.

Her voice again hath sweetly spoken,
Her eyes looked love again to mine,
Her lips returned affection's token,
While felt my soul the gift divine.

My youth's bright day-star lent from Heaven,
In heaven's resplendent brightness set;
Its light still round my path is given,—
It guides my footsteps heavenward yet.

I'll woo thee, then, pale Death! and often,
Nor dread thy pall, or sable bier;
Since thou dost life's fierce passions soften,
And teach me its great duty here.



THE INFANT OFFERING.

TO MR. AND MRS. A. F. B.

Yes ! let the infant child be given,
For 'tis a holy vow, —
And angels, with the gifts of heaven,
Are round ye, as ye bow :
Their tears are mingling with the wave
That on his forehead fell, —
Sweet tears of love his young brow lave, —
They seal the offering well.
Oh ! good it is to bring the child,
First pledge of holy love, —
To Him, who erst on infants smiled,
And told their home above.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Baptized in life's young morn,
A star, among the heavenly host,
He may their ranks adorn ;
For, cherished by each shining one,
In life's too devious way
He shall be guarded, lest he run
In sinful paths astray.
And when, in after years of wo,
Ye tell him of this hour,
Tears, grateful tears, will freely flow,
With strong, subduing power.

For he shall know the seal of God
Is on his forehead set,
And, in the path his parents trod,
The child shall follow yet.
Baptized anew, with living fire, —
Born of the Spirit's power, —
Joy shall be struck from every lyre,
In each seraphic bower,
That ye were faithful to your trust : —
And he, perchance, will go
And kneel, where dust returns to dust,
When ye lie cold and low,
And, with an eye of faith above,
Look to your upper home,
And bless you, for this act of love
Done for his good to come.
Yea ! blessings from his soul shall rise,
Unuttered by a sound :
Like fragrant gales from Paradise,
Perfuming all around !
Then let the infant child be given,
For 'tis a holy vow, —
And angels with the gifts of heaven,
Are round ye, as ye bow !



HOPE IN DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

NOR does Hope cheer the martyr's heart alone ;
In humble walks its holy light hath shone,
And been about us like a witching dream,
That made earth's sorrows like bright blessings
seem.

Oh ! well we mind us, when some loved one, shed
Pure charms around her, as with buoyant tread
She moved among the flowers, as loved as they,
And drove each anguish from the heart away.
Who hath not seen the kindling eye, that glowed
With beauty, as with heaven the thoughts o'er-
flowed ?

Who hath not felt the voice of youth, impart
A quickened life-pulse to the withered heart ?
Who hath not wept to see earth's fairest flower,
Send out its fragrance through the nodding bower,
And then lie broken, withered, crushed and dead,
A useless thing upon its own sweet bed.

Oh ! we have felt how sad and desolate
The soul can be, when we have learned, too late,
What purity hath dwelt within the heart
Of one from whom we knew that we must part !
We saw her fade away, and many a thought,
Came choking up, with grief and wo full fraught

As we would walk alone the brook-side by,
And sit upon its bank, and muse and sigh
For days when a loved sister with us went
To that same spot, as eve her radiance lent,
With changing lustre, blending with the ray
Of sunset, dying on the west away,
And the rich vespers of the birds were heard,
Among the boughs, by gentle zephyrs stirred.

She changed ! a being all too pure for earth,
She lingered here to feel the priceless worth
Of love, and then give back her stainless soul
To Heaven. Oh how did sorrow's fountains roll,
When cold and motionless we saw her lie,
The same save life, as when that peerless eye,
Spoke with its glance, and beauty touched the
brow,
All pure and spotless as the marble now !
Oh ! with what anguish, did the heart's blood
leap,
As we knelt down beside that form to weep,
That youth and beauty, love, and all had fled,
To leave us mourners o'er the early dead !
Yet Hope still smiled, amid those burning tears,
And pointed onward, through the gathering years,
And ever whispered in its voice of love,
The holy dead, shall meet again above !

THE PEARL OF PRICE.

I ASK not Fame ! 't is fleeting
As breath of balmy eve ;
With glory's phantoms cheating,
'T will nought but sadness leave.

A surer good I would possess,
A Joy that liveth ever ;
That when is past the world's caress,
Despair may seize me never.

I ask not Gold ! it bindeth
To earth the spirit down ;
Its hireling victim findeth
Only a demon's frown.

It is the Tantalus of hell,
Immortal minds tormenting ;
And wise are they who break its spell,
Ere life's last hour repenting !

I ask not Power ! it stilleth
The soul's best thoughts of God ;
The world with wo it filleth,
Swaying an iron rod.

Soft Beauty's charms I do not crave,
Though for them hosts be sighing;
They pass away, as sinks the wave
Along the sea-shore dying.

I ask not Friends! there liveth
No spell about the name;
For boasted friendship giveth
A swift, unstable flame.

If want is far, and hopes are bright,
Men smile with others smiling;
But when shall lower misfortune's night,
They 'll pass away, reviling.

'Tis not of earth, the treasure
That satisfies the soul:
Its value nought can measure,
From north to southern pole.

The seraphs round the holy throne
Its keeping well might covet;
For none, of all the riches known
In heaven, is prized above it.

'T is found where tears are flowing
Down contrite sinners' cheeks;
Where hearts with love are glowing,
While JESUS kindly speaks.

The star, that rose in Bethlehem,
Points where is Heaven's best token ;
Beneath the cross, — *there* lies the gem, —
THE PEARL OF PRICE unspoken !

THE DYING MAIDEN.

DELIRIUM like a demon chained her soul,
And now her spirit moaned with low complaint,
And her bright eye with frenzied fire did roll :
And oft, with accents tremulous and faint,
She answered to the lost one's dreamed caress,
And then implored kind Heaven his steps to bless.

Softly the beautiful withdrew from earth !
She faded out as some bright blossom, when
The harvest reaper, at the morning's birth,
Puts forth his sickle to the ripened grain,
Cuts down the hidden flower, and leaves it there,
To breathe its fragrance on the passing air.

One eve she rested calm, and tranquil sleep
Had quenched her eye's wild blaze for hours :
the west
Was one wide sea of beauty, and a deep,
Pure brilliancy upon night's darkening vest

Was cast, and light winds through the lattice
strayed,

And with the sufferer's floating ringlets played.

She waked, and gazed upon the west, and smiled ;

The fever's fire was out, and reason came

And reassumed her throne ; beside her child

The mother wept, and whispered her loved
name,

And while ebb'd swiftly out life's wasted tide,

The dying girl with feeble voice replied : —

‘ Oh, mother ! sit thee down ! — Sweet, holy
dreams

Have been about me in my long, long sleep !

Oh ! see it, mother ! Such pure beauty gleams !

He beckons to me ! — Mother, do not weep !

I do not weep, and yet he, too, is dead ! —

What can it be that soothes this aching head ?

They hover round ! — I see their silken wings ! —

And now the darkness falls ! — Oh, mother !
near

And yet more near they come ! — How sweet he
sings ! —

They call me, mother ! I must go ! Oh hear ! —

Mother ! wilt thou go too ? — Their harp-strings
swell ! —

I fly ! I fly ! — Oh, mother ! fare thee well ! ’

A moment of deep silence reigned, and then
 Burst forth sad moans, and sighs, and sobs of
 wo ;

For the freed spirit left its clay, as when
 The unchained eagles heavenward swiftly go,
 To bathe, mid sun-light, in the noon's full blaze,
 Where glory sheds her brilliant, cloudless rays.

DEATH OF THE BETRAYED.

THE incidents of the following poem are literally true. I had them from the physician of a country village who attended the subject on her death-bed. Her name or parentage was never known.

ALL beautiful and pale she lay,
 A stranger crowd among,
 Lingering her loathsome life away —
 A wretched girl and young.
 Too young for wo seemed she, —
 For guilt too beautiful ;
 But anguish raged full angerly,
 Wo's tide was at its full,
 And poured she out despair's last cup,
 Its deadliest dregs, and drank them up !

A wretch to her bright home there came —
A fiend incarnate, he,
With honeyed tongue and serpent's aim
Luring to infamy.

From off his lips fast fell
Smooth words in love's false guise,
Till the charmed victim felt the swell
Of pure affection rise ;
And then, her young heart won, his lust
Trampled the blossom in the dust.

Oh, who could tell the bitterness
That in her bosom dwelt,
When oft the gray-haired sire would bless
The group that round him knelt ?
God of the Just and Right !
Thine eye sought out the guilt,
When through the gloomy, creeping night,
Hot tears of blood were spilt ;
And each half-uttered prayer seemed spurned,
While, like a flame, thine anger burned !

The dreadful hour came swift around,
That must her shame reveal,
A shame more poignant than a wound
That ever came from steel,
Dealt at the very heart,
And drinking up life's flood !

For conscience rends the soul apart,
And fires each drop of blood,
Till boiling, with each pulse's play,
It flays and scorches on its way.

Urged by such wo, her home she fled,
And many an hour, alone,
She wandered on with weary tread
And broken-hearted moan,
Far up a mountain wild ;
And there, with strangers by,
God gave the world a little child, —
A blossom born to die, —
For like an angel's smile 't was given,
To glance on earth and live in heaven.

“ Oh ! God, I thank thee ! ” cried she then,
“ And but one boon I crave, —
Take me from out the haunts of men,
And let us find one grave ! ”

As upward flew that prayer,
She gasped, and moaned, and sighed ;
And silence chained each gazer there,
For that young girl had died ! —
Heavenward she went, all crushed by sin,
Where angels wept, — but let her in.*

* But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

They placed the infant on her breast,
And 'neath a coffin's door ;
And in God's Acre now they rest,
Among the humble poor.

The mournful yew trees fling
Their shade the grave beside,
And village maidens come to bring
Sweet flowers at eventide,
Leaving their offering on the spot,
To the unknown, but not forgot.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

AYE ! pour your deadly poison out, and tempt our
youth astray ;
You 're honest, and an honored man, and who
shall say you nay ?
Hug close your gold, and steel your heart against
the cries of wo ;
What matters it to licensed knaves, if tears of
blood may flow.

The drunkard drops into his grave, and you have
brought him there ;
But go, kneel humbly o'er his dust, and pray, if
pray you dare :—

“God of the holy, just and good ! thine ever open
ear

Will listen to the thankful heart of him who wor-
ships here.

I praise thee, that like this poor sot, I am not forced
to dwell

’Mid want and misery here on earth, and sink at
last to hell ;

I praise thee, that, with plenty blessed, I am no
slave to sin,

But ever on each Sabbath go, where good men
enter in.

’T is true, my wages oft away from starving babes
are torn,

And often from my late-closed door a murderer’s
blade is borne :

But then, oh God ! thou knowest well, if I should
him deny,

That other men would tempt his soul, and sell
while he could buy.

And they, perhaps, are wicked ones, who have no
pity left ;

Who never pray for beggared wives, or babes of
sire bereft :

And so I have an honest zeal, in spreading death
around,

Lest other men, more base than I, might '*in the
trade*' be found."

Go, dastard, go! pursue thy trade, while victims
own thy power,

But think not prayers or alms shall save, from
woes that round thee lower ;

I tell thee that thy soul shall stand before the great
white throne,

And with the gathered there, shall be all who thy
wiles have known !

The blood-shot eye, the bloated form, the shattered
maniac mind,

Shall haunt thee till thy heart shall burn, with
living fire enshrined !

The groans of death, the shrieks of fiends, shall
rise from nether hell,

And through long ages, shalt thou hear infuriate
devils yell !



THE ART OF PRINTING.

THIS Poem was written by invitation of the Committee of Arrangements for the "Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Invention of the Art of Printing," celebrated at Faneuil Hall, June 24th, A. D. 1840, at which JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM Esq. presided. It formed a part of the elaborate account of that interesting occasion, in the papers of the day. Proud to have been a participator in the scenes of that hour,—not more for "the goodlie companie" in which I found myself, than for being recognized as one of the fraternity,—I am not unwilling to admit it into this book, with the accompanying remarks from the Boston Morning Post of that date.—"After reading a letter from President Quincy, the President introduced Mr. ISAAC F. SHEPARD, author of 'Pebbles from Castalia,' to the company, with the remark that he is now an undergraduate at Cambridge, but was formerly a journeyman printer. Mr. Shepard then recited the following poem, which he wrote for the occasion, on very short notice. The poem was received with nine cheers:—"

COME, ye who gather on this festal day,
Plume Fancy's wing, and with her soar away ;

Be Time annulled, be crowding years forgot,
And rouse one scene when Heaven's high dome
was not.

Jehovah dwelt alone ! Ethereal flame !
Forever living, lived He still the same
Abstracted Spirit, filling boundless space ;
Essence of beauty, grandeur, justice, grace,
Himself the centre, light and soul of all.
Yet nothing lived on which his smile could fall ;
God in Himself, and yet no sceptre swayed,
For slightest thing no faithful homage paid ;
Fountain of love, pure source of happiness,
Yet nothing breathed, that His kind hand might
bless.

The Deity majestic sat, alone,
And spoke, uplifted on his naked throne :
“ What are these attributes I only claim,
While having no existence but in name ?
What is the Power that in my nature dwells,
If no creative act its virtue tells ?
‘ I AM ’ — and yet what grandeur thus to be,
When no Intelligence my power shall see ? ”

His purpose formed, old Chaos fled away,
And crowding angels hailed their natal day ;
Each sphere of heaven in its own orb was found,
And morning stars, with rapture, sang around ;

Darkness gave way, and Light revealed the birth
Of the wide globe we hail as mother Earth ;—
On her firm axes fixed, she swiftly rolled.
The Power, the Wisdom of a God she told !

Creation's work was done ; with living things
All nature teemed ; the glorious sun that brings
Pure light and genial warmth, soft beauty shed
O'er new-born Earth, with million charms out-
spread ;

The clouds, in proud magnificence, reclined
Upon the mountain tops ; beauty, combined,
With all her varied forms, man's heart to steal ;
Filled his whole soul with love, and made him
feel,

As with majestic awe new paths he trod,
Each object was a Type of Nature's God.
In forest, field, or by the roaring sea,
He read the impress of Divinity.

God was the primal Printer ! Nature's home
Was His vast type-fount ! Heaven's star-lustred
dome,

The green-clad Earth, the beetling crag, the wave
Or calm or angry in its rage, the grave,
The thunder's peal, the lightning's angry glare,
The earthquake, whirlwind, or the balmy air,

The flower upright or crushed, the sun's mild
beam,
The troubled vision, or the tranquil dream,
Each is a type-set form, that God hath given,
To teach mankind the alphabet of Heaven :
Combined, they show one wide, stupendous page
Of scientific lore, of precepts sage,
Sublime poetic lines, the chemist's art,
And philosophic skill in every part ;—
This the grand book the Deity designed
Should be the study of each deathless mind !

In Eden's holy bowers its truths were read ;
While practised, purest joy around they shed ;
Man saw his Maker in each living thing,
Felt in his soul an intellectual spring ;
Saw nature's laws all blend with sweet accord,
And knew himself her son and sovereign lord ;
Scanned being's scale from low to highest grade,
And passed just judgment on each thing surveyed.
But intellectual power, by guilt abased,
God's image from his soul proud man effaced ;
Enthroning blear-eyed selfishness instead,
He wooed blind passion, and to wo was wed ;
He read the book of nature wrong ; her tongue
Was still, or else with just reproaches stung ;
Discordant all within, the world without
Rang one unending note of discord out,

Till, by the curse compelled, he turned to earth,
And infant *Agriculture* rose to birth !

Eldest of Arts, where'er her footsteps trod,
Rich foliage sprang from out the blighted sod ;
All flowers, all fruits at her glad smile arose,
And deserts blossomed like the bursting rose.

Then *Commerce* woke, the second in the train ;
Scaled each high mountain, ploughed the stormy
main,
Searched in Earth's bosom for its brilliant ore,
And robbed old Neptune of the gems he wore.

Next *Architecture* into being came,
Claimed with creation a coeval name ;
Showed Nature's models as perfection's guide,
And crowned with laurels who the test could bide.

Sculpture and *Painting*, fair twin-sisters born,
Gave to the Arts another brilliant morn ;
One chiselled nature from the polished stone,
With matchless forms that wanted life alone ;
The other's hues earth's fairest picture stole,
And living beauty breathed throughout the whole.

Then *Poesy* arose, and tuned her lyre,
While witching numbers trembled from each
wire,

Till *Music* listened, captured by the spell,
And lent her voice the anthem's peal to swell.

These through long ages scattered blessings
wide,
Bade Intellect o'er sensual man preside,
Gave life a purpose, fired the human soul
With noble longings — brooking no control —
To fathom Nature, read her hidden laws,
Of each effect to trace the latent cause ;
From her pure fount to drink the spirit's fill,
To list her bidding, and perform her will.

These, through long ages, holy influence shed,
As to perfection, one by one they sped ;
Each aided each, till all combined, they gave
A light that guided o'er life's darkling wave ;
Yet dimly fell its rays ; as when at eve
The sunbeams linger on the world they leave ;
Or when Aurora, at the breaking dawn,
Purples the east to herald rosy morn ;
Like day-star, gleaming on the morning sky,
They but foretold a rising sun was nigh ;
Nor told they wrong ! Jehovah deigned to bless,
And gave Art's noblest gift, THE PRINTING
PRESS.

Art of all arts ! Before her powerful sway,
The mists of error quickly break away ;

Oppression trembles, while her chains are riven,
And superstition from the world is driven ;
With tongues of fire philosophy is heard
Proclaiming precepts till the world is stirred,
And God's own Truth, which else but few had
known,
Like leaves in autumn, o'er wide earth is strewn.

All proudly, brothers, at this festal hour,
Ye boast your calling, and your boundless power ;
Four hundred years ye bid us to look back,
And gaze with wonder on your conquering track ;
And proud ye well may be ; for kings must own,
The fate of empires is with you alone.

Wield lightly, then, the sceptre that ye hold,
Nor give to error wings, for paltry gold ;
If virtue, truth and justice be displayed,
Where'er a Printer plies his god-like trade,
Though regal splendor mark not his career,
Kings shall do homage, sages shall revere !

SONG OF THE WINTER KING.

I COME ! I come ! with my frosty breath,
To blight your fields, and to scatter death ;
My car is seen in the ragged cloud,

My voice is heard when the storms wail loud ;
My merciless hand
Shall cover the land,
With chains of ice and a snowy shroud !

I 'll seize each mount in my ruthless grasp,
And every vale in my cold arms clasp ;
The forest oaks at my nod will shake,
And fast I 'll fetter the stream and lake ;
The sun will look down
With desolate frown,
And nature's self at my reign shall quake !

I 'll rush at night from my hidden seat,
And fill the air with a driving sleet ;
And where some pilgrim alone is found,
I 'll bind him stiff on the frozen ground ;
And as the storm moans
Will he utter his groans,
And I will laugh at the dismal sound.

I 'll seek some widow in lonely cot,
Where peace and plenty inhabit not :
And while the flame on the cold hearth dies,
Heeding not tears, nor cold, nor cries,
I 'll seize the fond child,
Rave she never so wild,
And bid her look where the victim lies !

I'll ride the gale to the roaring sea,
Where sailors' cries will my welcome be ;
I'll sport awhile with the reeling mast,
Then crush the ship with a fearful blast,
 And mock at the prayer
 That offereth there,
And flee away when the sound is past !

I'll clothe the earth with my dazzling sheen,
And wo shall be where my track is seen ;
The leaves shall fall, and the birds take wing,
When first approacheth the Winter King :
 A sound will go out,
 With echoing shout,
'Beware ! beware ! of the Winter King !'

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

WHEN first 't was told at Heaven's high throne,
That man transgressed the law of God,
Stern Justice spake, and claimed her own,
The right to sway her penal rod.

Awhile deep silence reigned ; for none
Of all the seraph hosts could give
A just excuse for wrong thus done,
Or urge a plea that man might live.

Soon smiling Mercy waved her hand,
As love gushed out her beaming eyes,
And wonder chained the holy band,—
She gave herself a sacrifice !

Then, midst angelic shouts, her flight
On snowy wing, she earthward made,
And ever since concealed from sight,
Where wo hath dwelt, her steps have strayed.

She calms the mourner's rising fear,
She soothes the breast that anguish swells ;
And when some HOWARD drops a tear,
Within his God-like soul she dwells.

How blest are they whose cups o'erflow
With good for which the poor man sighs !
If generous Pity's voice they know,
They have a joy that never dies !

For such, kind Mercy hath in store
Rewards that earthly fame transcend ;
Their names shall live forevermore !
Their souls with angel-spirits blend !



THE PLEASANT SPRING HAS COME
AGAIN.

THE pleasant spring has come again,
Its voice is in the trees,
It speaks from every sunny glen,
It rides upon the breeze !
The scattered flocks are lowing,
Beneath each shady tree,
The gentle winds are blowing,
Oh come, rejoice with me !

The pleasant spring has come again,
I hear the river's roar,
It sparkles, foams, and leaps, as when
My summer skiff it bore !
Stern winter's chain is rended,
The gushing founts are free,
And light with water blended,
Is dancing o'er the sea !

The pleasant spring has come again,
All nature's heart is glad,
The mountains rise like giant men,
And smile with beauty clad ;—
The pretty flowers are springing
In every greenwood shade,
Their perfumes round them flinging
As sweet as Eden made.

The pleasant spring has come again,
The ploughman's songs arise,
While woodland-echoes mock, and then
The thrilling cadence dies ;
The merry birds are singing,
Afar the music floats,
And every vale is ringing
With soft and mellow notes.

The pleasant spring has come again,
Its voice is in the trees,
It speaks from every sunny glen,
It rides upon the breeze !
The pretty flowers are springing,
The gushing founts are free,
The merry birds are singing,
Let all rejoice with me !

NATIONAL ODE.

SUNG AT FANEUIL HALL, JULY 4th, 1839.

YE sons of freedom's clime,
"Roll back the tide of time !"
When patriots broke
Oppression's cankered chain,
'Their blood was poured like rain,

And from each crimsoned plain,
War's thunder spoke.

Within this hallowed Hall
Was heard the infant call
Of Liberty :

'T was here, to madness stung,
She first unloosed her tongue,
Till every column rung
For Liberty !

Then waked the battle cry,
Far swelling up the sky —
“ Freedom or Death ! ”
Each mountain caught the sound —
Each vale an echo found,
It swept wide earth around,
Like whirlwind's breath.

Though belted foemen came
With sword and cannon's flame,
Across the wave,—
They met a serried host,
Who quailed not at their boast,
But dug on every coast
A tyrant's grave.

They braved the battle's shock ;
They felt the nation rock
To its deep base !

Their cause on God they cast,
Destruction's car went past,
And freedom found at last
Her resting place.

Sons of your patriot sires,
Light up anew the fires
Of Liberty !
Kindle the beacon blaze,
Till earth's wide nations gaze,
And, as in ancient days,
Its brightness see !

THE MINISTERING SPIRIT.

DEDICATED TO A SISTER, ON THE DEATH OF AN
ONLY CHILD.

LISTEN, Sister ! Thy beauteous child
Heeds not thy bitter weeping ;
Not floods of tears, nor wailings wild,
Can move his silent sleeping :
Like passing dream his spirit came,
And ere it burned, expired the flame.

How sadly, now, his brilliant eye
With lifeless lid is shaded !
The death-drops on his forehead lie —
His ruddy cheek, how faded !

But yet a smile is on thy boy,
As erst it gave his mother joy.

Thy heart alone its anguish knows,
Nor can thy grief be spoken ;
Thy bitter moan too truly shows
That ' golden bowl ' is broken ;
Nor would I quell affection's grief,
For 't is the soul's most sweet relief.

Hast heard it told, when infants smile
In calm and tranquil slumbers,
That angels round them watch the while,
Chanting celestial numbers ?
'T is said that in their sleep they hear
Soft tones, unknown to other's ear.

If false, 't is beautiful, the thought
That spirits round are flying ;
That whispers in each dream are brought,
Like summer zephyrs sighing !
Nor would I break so sweet a charm,
For, if no good, it leaves no harm.

I think that when the hand of death
Its mantle round is throwing,
When faintly comes the stifled breath,
And silent tears are flowing,
Bright seraphs leave the world of love,
To guide the panting soul above.

And oft, ere nature gives release,
Or 'silver cord' is rended,
They whisper tones of heavenly peace,
Till bliss with pain is blended :
'T is this that makes the smile's soft play,
When life and nature sink away.

'T is this that lights the languid eye,
When death each sense is stealing ;
That stills each fear, each troubled sigh,
Pure inward joy revealing :
'T is this that on the infant's cheek,
Reveals a tale no tongue can speak.

Then, sister ! hear the silent voice
Thy lost one's smile is giving—
'O mother ! weep not, but rejoice ;
Thy babe in heaven is living :
I cannot come again to thee,
But thou shalt come from earth to me !'

Then stay thy grief ; and let thy wo
Its fountains burst no longer ;
And while thy tears shall cease to flow,
Thy love will burn the stronger :
That smile will play about thy dreams,
Like golden stars on gliding streams !

And ever, when thou kneel'st in prayer,
To crave thy Saviour's blessing,
A spirit shall be with thee there,
Each wished-for good possessing :
Thy first-born son is by thy side,
Sent forth to bless, and guard, and guide !

NATIONAL CHRISTIAN HYMN.

HARK ! to the cannon's pealing
Upon the riven air,
And martial music stealing
Amid the flashing there :
The shout of mingled voices
Comes like an ocean's roar,
And each glad heart rejoices,
From north to southern shore.

A nation's heart beats lightly
On this its natal day,
While heaven shines o'er us brightly,
And sunbeams round us play :
Oh, meet it is that pleasure
Should light each face we greet ;
But not to martial measure
We tread the crowded street.

We come with voice of singing,
While strife and tumult cease,
Each heart thanksgiving bringing
To Christ the Prince of Peace ;
And as His steps were lowly,
His joy in worship given,
So join our lips the holy,
Whose anthems swell to heaven.

Thanks for the lesson taught us,
When flowed His priceless blood ;
Thanks for the good he brought us
When pilgrims crossed the flood ;
Thanks for loved Freedom's treasure,
Enshrined in mount and glen ;
Yea ! on this day of pleasure,
Shout every heart, Amen !









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